

Shadows of voices, [by] Dennis McCalib

Shadows of Voices

Gift Elwin Volkt Dennis McCalib July 6, 1950

Shadows of Voices

the sky like grey, moil'd shrouds Toil'd in the heaven-bowels And the wind was alone And the earth-weeds trembl'd scissors of silver lightning cut the earth The grass-head fell, green and forlorn The little beetle desperate fought to cling to the sharp scissor-point; its grass-stem having fallen

Red hands Orange and bright Gusting, from the trees; Dried edges like fingers Dusty light powdered 'round And golden red. Star-dropped Elf-hands. Leaf-birds swooping, Floating In the brush; On the Autumn marsh.

The moon was a large, rolling jewel White and veined-in-hue Watchful staring; Huge Mantis-eye. Its legs like Serried trees Mantis-wing like glistening crackled cloud. Silence sat on Sky and Ground.

Tears of Fade

Shadows of Voices

Star. Red, weeping spider-thing from the heart of a carnation. Bleeding, shining Fingers; scarlet five. Clutching hand etched on wood; The sunset is the shroud. Five fingers, up to God. Red star in Thy centre-sky.

Listen: the Lips of the moth moistened in dew; her tongue curled into the nighting jasmine-heart rain is in the air, cloying the eyes of spiders

Listen: the fronds over the moth-eye seeing the spider Like dawn the moth, drunken with reddy Life fans the bush; Light is quiet million-eye-shapes seen in the moth-eyes of the blue, shivering sky she touches the face of Universe with the scarf of her palpitant tongue.

A Sea Life Tailing Green Weeds